

NORTHERN JUNKET



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FOLK & SQUARE DANCE WORKSHOP July 19-23, 1971 at Pennsylvania State University, Full information by writing Hal White or Elizabeth Hanley, Physical Ed. Dept. Penn State Univ. State College, Pa. 16801



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

There are three kinds of dancers who bother me. All of them have one thing in common - **NARROW MINDEDNESS!** All of them are missing what seems to me to be two important facets of the dance movement - recreation and tolerance.

There is the square dancer who will dance nothing but squares - modern, club-style squares. Anything that is more than 6-months old holds no interest for him; not even round dancing, which is an important part of the overall picture of modern square dancing.

There is the folk dancer who will dance nothing but the dances of one country - usually the kolo-type, big circle, no partner type of a dance. They are intrigued by off-beat rhythms and the complex footwork of recently "discovered" choreographed wonders. Their leaders tell them: "I saw this figure being danced by a group of peasants on the village green of Oshgoshopovitch", and they believe it! They are ill at ease when forced to dance with a partner. They would not dance a Polish, Scottish, English or American dance to save their souls from you know where.

Then there is the traditionalist. Perhaps "pseudo-traditionalist" is a better term. They refuse to admit that tradition is a changing thing. They spend all their lives telling all who will listen that: "He isn't teaching it correctly", or "He's calling it wrong!"

I suppose that all three types are happy in their own little worlds. Still, as I said in the beginning - they bother me.

Sincerely

Ralph

EXPLORING IRISH MUSIC



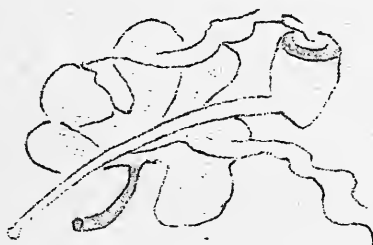
by SEAN MacREAMOINN

"NO SINGING OR SWEARING ALLOWED". Such was the stern warning which used to adorn the wall of a certain house of refreshment in an Irish city some twenty-five years ago. I remember that it occasioned some intellectual speculation as to whether the proprietor, seeing a common element of incantation in the two practices mentioned, was merely setting his face against witchcraft. Alas! this was unlikely; almost certainly he coupled singing and swearing as the twin marks of rowdies, 'scab htaerai', gurriers and other undesirables. In a word his was a respectable house, with a respectable clientele, thirty years in the business with never an endorsement of the license - and he meant to keep it that way.

And indeed, that notice on the wall probably expressed the attitude of the great majority of Irish publicans until some few years ago. In Dublin, at least, very few pubs tolerated singing with the exception of a small number of 'singing pubs' licensed for the purpose. In these establishments you could (and can still) hear and take part in musical entertainments, mainly in the tradition of the Victorian and Edwardian music-hall - seasoned with occasional 'numbers' from the hit-parade.

Here, all is, or was, ceremonially ordered, in accordance with established local custom, and to the taste of established local customers. But it was all quite outside the general run of pub-practice, to the point that, if you were unwary enough to raise your voice in song in the ordinary bar or lounge, you were liable to be reminded rather sharply, that 'this isn't a singing house!'

It would be too much to say that all is now changed 'changed utterly', and that any pub you go into of an evening is likely to be awash with song. There are still very many houses where conversation and drinking are the only recognized activities (and a very good thing too; talk is still a highly important thing in Ireland, and its shrines should be inviolable).



But the big change that has occurred is that so many pubs now welcome singers, and not alone welcome them but engage them professionally, and not alone engage them but do quite nicely out of them, thank you very much. Everybody seems happy about it - the customers, the publicans and the artistes; ballad-singers, folk-musicians and sometimes jazzmen. A whole scene going. If you enjoy ballad-singing you'll enjoy a visit to one of these 'ballad pubs' as they are called. - Ballad in this context usually means Irish ballads in the English language, made (not always written) over the last hundred years or so; a few may be a little older, a few may be of quite recent composition. Usually there will be some of American making as well, either of the recent folk explosion or from the older tradition of the Appalachians. These latter are quite often

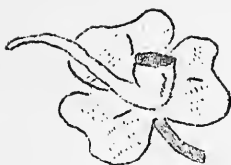
themselves versions of old songs which 'emigrated' from Ireland or Britain, some of them very old indeed - American versions of the classic ballads of the English-Scottish border. And occasionally, you may be lucky enough to hear one of these in their old form: Randall, Lord Gregory, or the like.



Sometimes there will be a song or two in Irish, usually of the more rollicking kind like Peigi Litir Mor or An Poc ar Buile, with its wild 'Aililiu' refrain. From these it's an easy step to a lively medley of traditional Irish dance tunes - jigs, reels or hornpipes - played usually on the fiddle, flute, accordeon or, occasionally, the Irish pipes (of which more later on). And if you've never heard a virtuoso performance on the bodhran (a kind of tambourine) or the spoons(!), you don't know what percussion is all about. Add to these the now ubiquitous guitar and you've got quite a band. The guitar (and sometimes the banjo) is chiefly used, however, as an accompaniment to the ballad-singing, which brings us to consider how these songs are sung.

Up to fairly recently one rarely heard any accompaniment to a ballad; and it was also a matter of (in the classic Dublin phrase) 'one voice only'. You might, if you had a mind to it, join in the chorus, but that was the limit of the ensemble. Now, however, and especially in the pubs, guitar accompaniment, in varying degrees of sophistication, is accepted as normal, and the songs are more likely to be given by a 'group' than by a soloist. These groups which have been not quite accurately described as Ireland's answer to the Beatles are proliferating all over the place; some are good, but they all derive in inspiration, if not in imitation, from the first and most famous group of all, The Clancys.

The Clancy brothers, with Tommy Makem, made the great breakthrough, first in America, and later in their native Ireland. They were the first to provide a simply but well staged presentation of genuine Irish songs,



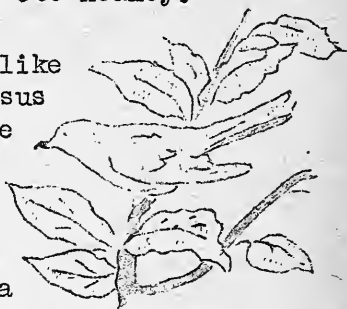
mostly of the lighter kind, sung with verve and enthusiasm and the kind of spontaneity that only comes from hard work and rehearsal. Their appeal was naturally in the first instance to the corn-satiated Irish-Americans but they quickly captured the attention of wider audiences, literally all over the world. Their success was soon followed, in Ireland, and more recently in Britain by The Dubliners, led by Ronnie Drew once described (on one of their LP's) as having a voice 'like coke dragged under the door', and including a banjo-player of genius, Barney McKenna.

Since then, as I have said, Groups are in. I will not risk either winning or losing friends by giving my own choices among so many; you can make your own judgement when you hear them. Some of them go in for one type of ballad more than another, a few of them make their own. One thing they all have in common is vitality. They are, most of them, quite young, and they cater, in main, for young audiences. They all have their loyal supporters and aficionados, and among these the flattery of imitation produces more and more new Groups by a kind of spontaneous combustion. But even if you don't feel the urge to start one yourself, you will find plenty of opportunities for audience participation both in the pubs and at the many ballad concerts held in halls and little theatres - and sometimes in big theatres. You will, I think, enjoy yourself.

Now you may rest well content with all this, many people do. But, on the other hand, something, a verse of a song, the cadence of an air, a sudden twist to a tune, may urge you to go further, or, should I say, deeper. For the ballad scene as I have described it is only the top of the iceberg. A shining shimmering top indeed but, only the top.

The iceberg I mean is the whole great Irish tradition of music and song. To explore it you'll have to take a plunge; not an unpleasant plunge by any means for, while there are depths here, they are in no way chill, but still a plunge. You'll rarely get a chance to see below the surface at the ballad pub or concert unless that is, you are lucky enough to hear someone like Dolly MacMahon or Seamus Ennis or Joe Heaney.

If you hear Dolly in a song like The Green Linnet you'll begin to suspect that there are strange subtleties as well as beauty in Irish singing, and if Seamus or Joe sings Sail Og Rua maybe, or Caoineadh na dTri Muires you may well find yourself torn between frustration at not understanding the words and delight at the glimpse you get, through the strange Gaelic sounds, of a whole new world of melodic richness. And it's not only the words that you'll find strange, but also the very structure of the tune and the style in which the singer articulates it. If you're something of a musician you may suspect that here is a model system long forgotten in most parts of Europe and the New World (though there, too, it lingers, in a few places). You'd be right. As to the style: we call it the Old Style (Sean-Nos), and we're right too, for very old it is.

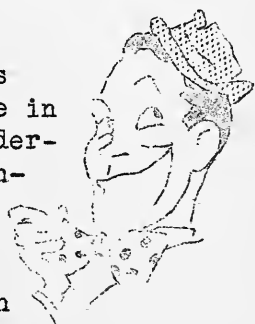


Now there is a very real sense in which it is true to say that Irish folk-song must be sung in this style if it is not to suffer distortion. The same goes for instrumental music. Here too there is a sean-nos closely related to that of the singing and most fully realized on the Irish pipes. Fiddlers and flautists can and do play in this 'old style' as well, but not all of them are proof against the imposed rhythm of the piano, the drums or even the insistent feet of dancers. And so the subtle rhythms and cadences of the music do become distorted, and a glossy slicked-up version of something delicate and beautiful can drive out the original from

popular taste, and even be forgotten. In the case of singing, a similar process takes place, all too often, beat substituting for stress.

So here one must, in all conscience, raise a small admonitory finger in the direction of our friends the Groups and guitarists. They are, almost by definition, committed to four-square rhythms, and their audiences, for the most part, expect no other. And it must be frankly admitted that, as far as the majority of the songs they sing are concerned, the absence of the authentic style is of little consequence. Many of their 'ballads' are called such only by courtesy, they belong not to the folk-tradition, but to a corpus of popular song, 'national' in spirit, but of no native roots. And of their genuine ballads, many are of comparatively recent provenance. But what does hurt is to hear, as one does too often, a Group, or a member of a group singing a song of high tradition in a style which makes nonsense of it.

Now the vast majority of the songs which belong to this high tradition are in fact in the Irish language. This is understandable when we remember that two hundred years ago very few Irish people spoke English, that it was still very much a minority language one hundred and fifty years ago. Indeed our English folk-tradition is remarkably strong for such a comparatively recent growth. But to find the tradition in its fullness one must go to the Irish songs, and song-tunes, or 'slow airs' as they are called. Unfortunately these two vital areas of our musical heritage - in fact its very well-spring and centre - have benefitted least from the great revival of interest in traditional music which, beginning about 1950, has since swept the country.



This has been a grass-root movement, rooted in the strength of the deeply popular living tradition of

the countryside. Its weakness has been that in its organization (Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann) and festivals - the famous Fleá gatherings - it depended too heavily on the most widespread form of this tradition: instrumental dance music. The cultivation of the great songs and song-tunes was an aim of the movement from the beginning but the dance-music emphasis was perhaps inevitable. Unfortunately a sort of cultural Gresham's law seems to work in popular movements of this kind, and, by now, the national Fleá, although enormously successful in attendance figures, has become almost taken over by the ballad-and-guitar brigade. One can still find the genuine music in the competition halls, but in the great gatherings of the mid-fifties it flooded the streets of the town.



Very well then, if you want to get to know the real thing, what do you do? A Fleá is still worth going to, especially the country and provincial ones that are held in different parts of the country from Easter to late Autumn. Keep an eye out, too, for informal concerts and feiseanna; if you see names and items advertised in Irish get somebody to translate them for you and, if possible, to advise you as to whether they are worth a visit.

If you really are determined to hear traditional Irish singing in its natural setting, go to one of the Gaeltacht districts. These are the areas, mostly in the west, where Irish is still the common vernacular. Dur-

ing the summer especially you'll find that in nearly every Gaeltacht village or parish there's a centre where local singers and musicians gather.

Some of the loveliest places in Ireland are in the Gaeltacht (Connemara, Donegal, The Rosses) your journey will not be any great hardship. But if you can't make it and if there's no opportunity of hearing the music 'live' where you are, you can at least buy, borrow or steal a record! Two good labels to look for are Claddagh & Gael-Linn - the latter particularly for singing in Irish. Under this label too you may discover the remarkable work of Sean O Riada, a brilliant and sophisticated composer who, as well as writing for symphony orchestra, works also with a unique combination of folk-musicians called Ceolteoiri Chualann over whom he presides at the harpstring - of all things!

O'Riada and his fellow-musicians have evolved a 'new sound' in Irish music which represents a genuine organic development of the Old Style. If you acquire a taste for it, you'll want to buy all their records as they come out. And there are many other musicians and singers, in Irish and English, whose work is becoming available on disc under a variety of labels. Choral and orchestral recordings of settings of Irish music, in the more conventional sense, are also obtainable.

And, of course, if you want to learn the words and tunes for yourself, you must get yourself one or other of the printed collections. One essential buy is Colm Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads (there are two volumes but get the first anyway). Most of the lighter ballad collections are quite inexpensive - many are in paperback. But if you want to spend a little more, treat yourself to Donal O'Sullivan's sumptuous Songs of Irish. Books and records can be a great help, but, in the last analysis there's no substitute for your own personal exploration of the living music of Ireland. It's an exploration that could last a lifetime. So, I'm afraid you will just have to keep coming back.

Bainfidh tu ceol as.

SQUARE DANCE

by MAL CAMERON



The dark hall - - quiet
Anticipating the crowds.

Lights!

Opening doors!

People!

The dapper-dan cowboy appears on stage,
Speakers - wires - microphone;
All equipment readied.

Music now with a hint of a beat
Echoes through the hall.
The beat strikes terpsichorean feet,
The choreographer's words repeat,
"Getcha partner, getcha date,
It's square dance time so don't be late".
The dancers respond, crowding onto the floor.
The caller remarks, "We need one couple more."
At last they are ready - the caller starts in,
"Allemande left, and you weave that ol' ring."
The walls of the hall rebound with the sound
of the shuffling feet as they move to the beat.



They dance a few minutes and rest awhile -
Now dancing again, each wearing a smile.
As the dancers dance on, it's not people we see,
But manifestations of geometry -
A collage of colors, they blend from a square
To a circle, or line, with a carnival's flair.
The ebb and the flow of the fiery sea
Sweeps contagion of happiness, magically.
The wall-to-wall smiles reveal the fact
That the dancers express what they thought they
had lacked.

For them to be happy is easy to find -
It takes just a square dance to bring it to mind.
The ocean continues to swell and recede;
The people dance on, fulfilling the need.

But it's true what we find that most poets defend,
That all good things must come to an end.
The music stops - there's no more beat.
The weary people retire from the hall.
The dapper-dan cowboy has gone
Doors are closing.....
Lights...out...
The hall sighs...



"The wearing of masks, visors or other face coverings in the streets at Christmas or any other time was considered dangerous, and London authorities again and again legislated against the practice during the fourteenth century. About the year 1400 King Henry IV was nearly made the victim of a plot contrived by certain noblemen who disguised themselves as Christmas mummers". (From 'Street Life in Medieval England', G.T. Salisbury Oxford, 1948).

"Everyone welcome. Rights of admission reserved." (From an Irish dance poster).

KITCHEN

JUNKET

by Ralph Page



Part 11

- continued from last issue -

"About the only song I know is the one about Young Charlotte," mother replied, "but I'll sing it for you if you want I should."

Mother was much too modest concerning her repertoire of old songs. Actually, she could sing them for hours without repeating herself. She'd learned them from her father Isaac Dunn, in his day a famous ballad singer. Now, folding her hands in her lap and leaning back in the cane-bottomed rocking chair, she sang in a soft, sweet voice, the long and tragic story of Young Charlotte, or the Frozen Girl. All twenty-four verses of it:

"Young Charlotte dwelt on the mountain side
In a bare and lonely spot,
No cabin there for miles around
But her father's humble cot.

"On many a pleasant winter's eve
Young swains would gather there,
To laugh and pass the hours away
For she was wondrous fair.

"Her parents dressed her up
As fine as any city belle,

For Charlotte was their only child
And each did love her well.

"'Twas New Year's Eve. The sun went down.
Wild looked her anxious eyes
Along the frosty window panes
To see the sleighs pass by."

Everyone in the room listened intently, as if hearing the song for the first time. Listened as we heard about the ball in the village ballroom miles away, to which she and her beau were driving in a sleigh. Listened as she too proudly refused the warm blanket her mother offered her:

"My silken coat is quite enough,
It's lined from head to toe;
And I will wear my silken scarf,
It's soft and warm you know."

But it was scant protection against the bitter cold of the Vermont mountains, and Charles complains of the freezing air:

"Such a bitter night I never saw,
The reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte said in trembling voice,
'I am exceeding cold'.

As the song ended we realized once again that she was telling the truth for, upon reaching the ballroom Charlotte did not stir:

"They reached the inn, and Charles sprang out
And giving his hand to her,
'Why sit you like a monument
That has no power to stir?'

"Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore,
For Charlotte was a frozen corpse
And word spake nevermore."

"That really happened, you know, said Mother," Over near Weathersfield, Vermont, a long time ago."

"She's ought to've known better," noted Aunt Mabel. "The idea. Goin' off fifteen miles to a dance in a silk coat."

"Too bad she was so proud," mother answered. "That song always makes me feel so sad."

"Let's have another one, Laura," urged Sam.

"Don't feel like singing much alone tonight, Sam. Why don't we all sing something together; how about Old Pod Auger Days?"

We needed no teasing, and the windows rattled with our chorus:

"I will sing to you of the good old days
When people were honest and true;
Before their brains were addled or crazed
By ev'rything strange and new.
Of the days of Andrew Jackson
And of old Grandfather Grimes,
When a man wasn't judged by the clothes he wore
In Old Pod Auger Times."

We loved this song of early minstrel show days and sang it with gusto and fervor befitting such lines as:

"Now young men loaf about the streets
And struggle with bad cigars,
They stay out all night when they should be home
With their daddies and their ma's."

And the first part of the third verse:

"Young gals didn't hug nor kiss their fellers
Whenever they came to court,
Nor paddle around on roller skates
Nor pound on the piany-forte."

We let the girls take the high part of the next few lines while we caught our breath to do justice to:

"They didn't lie abed til eleven a.m.
But got up in the mornings betimes,
And they didn't elope with the old man's coachman
In Old Pod Auger Times."

The windows rattled and the ceilings shook as we sang the last verse:

"The old men didn't drive fast hosses
Nor gamble with keards and dice,
Nor they didn't run church lotteries
For it wasn't considered nice.
But now they'll gamble and drink mean rum
And lead hypocritical lives,
And wives run away with each others' husbands
And husbands with each others' wives,
And folks didn't have delirious trimmin's
Nor perpetuate horrible crimes;
For the cider was good and the rum was pure
In Old Pod Auger Times."

"How's the cider, Wallace?" asked Harry, holding on to his throat. "Still holdin' out? My throat is awful kinda dry." And he made his voice sound raspy and rough at the end of his words.

"Should think it would be," said Florence, "you've had your mouth open so wide singing that I thought the top of your head was going to open up."

"Dad's right," agreed Clint, "we ain't had but one round yet."

"And you talk about Florence eatin'" laughed Edna, "After the supper you just et I'd like to know where you think you're goin' to find room for anything else."

"Good lord, woman," answered Clint, "Couple swallers



of cider won't take up no room. They'll settle the sandwiches I had t'eat to keep Al from makin' a hog of himself."

Nobody hung back as we all trooped into the kitchen for refreshment. Harry and Clint might have been thirsty as they said they were, but Bert, Henry, and Sam got to the crock ahead of them, and no amount of good natured jostling could budge them from their vantage point.

"Stop yer foolin' around," cried Henry, finally, "Want I should spill this dipper o' cider?"

"Good lord and king, no," laughed Sheldon. "Don't waste any of it. Put it into yer."

"Take yer hands out o' my ribs then. You don't tickle. You just pry a fellers' ribs up."

"Lickin' good, Sal, ain't it," Ernest quipped, repeating a favorite catch-phrase of the day.

"M-m-m" smiled Harry, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "That's so meller it's most ripe. Wish I could get my cider to keep like that."

"'T would, if you'd give it a chance to," replied Uncle Wallace. "What d'ye say, anybody want to dance?"

But before any of us could voice approval or disapproval little Norma piped up: "Uncle Wallace, this is my very first kitchen junket, and do you know what I'd like?"

"No. What would you like?"

"Well, before we go back to dancing, I'd like to hear Larry and Al sing about Abdul and Ivan."

"Abdullah Bulbul Ameer. Wow!!!!!! How'd we ever for get that?" "Sing it good fellers, real good, so's Norma will always remember her first junket."

We needed no encouraging; it was our favorite duet, a 'rouser' of a song, equally good as a solo, duet or by the whole group. Probably the correct name was "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer," but we'd always known it as Abdullah, Bulbul Ameer, ever since Ralph Green and Bill McIntire had brought it home from college.



And Larry, clearing his throat, began the song in his clear "Irish" tenor voice:

"The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But of all the most reckless of life and of limb
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

"If you wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass the foe from the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

"This son of the desert in battle aroused,
Could spit twenty men on his spear,
A terrible one, either sober or soused
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

Then it was my turn to get into the act:



"There are brave men aplenty and well known to fame
In the ranks that are led by the Czar,
But among the most reckless of name and of fame
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

"He could imitate Irvin, tell fortunes by tea,
And perform on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

"The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few,
He could drink them all under the bar,
As gallant or tank there was no one to rank
With Ivan Petrofsky Skivar."

Everybody sang the next verse, which went:

"One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun,
And put on his most cynical sneer,
When, going down town, he happened to run
Into Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

and from then on til
the song ended, the whole room sang the proper last
words of each verse.

And so the song went on, some twenty verses of it.
Through the challenges and insults of first Abdul, then
Ivan. Meanwhile, young Norma, was sitting on the edge
of her chair, eyes wide with wonder and horror as - - -



"They fought all that night neath a pale yellow moon,
The din could be heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

"Yet the whistling chibook did like lightning descend
And caught Ivan right over the ear;
But the bayonet of Ivan pressed right through the heart
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

The little girl clapped both hands over her mouth
to keep from crying out, but we softened our voices --
And the room sang more quietly --

"There's a tomb rises where the Blue Danube doth roll,
And graved there in characters clear:
'Oh stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

"A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far;
'T was made by a sack fitting close to the back
of Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

"The Muscovite maiden her sad vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft as she weeps
Is Ivan Petrofsky Skivar."

As the song ended, Norma skipped across the room
to where Larry and I were sitting, and gave both of us
a big hug and a kiss. Quite reward enough. Turning to
her mother, she asked plaintively, "Do I have to go to
bed now Mama?"

"No, you don't. This is the first junket you've

been 'lowed to stay up so long. Might's well stay up for the whole thing."

From the kitchen came the voices of Uncle Wallace and Jim Davis, chanting in unison:

"Honest John, Honest John,
Find your gals and hurry on.
Honest John, Honest John,
Tiptoe light, don't be too ,ong."

The words were called to the first eight bars of The Girl I Left Behind Me, the banjo taking the melody as Uncle Wallace shifted the milking stool around to his liking.

"Everybody ready? Don't forget to sing the chorus. Let 'er go!"

With fiddle and banjo playing the first strain of the Girl I Left Behind Me, Uncle called the first figure:

First couple lead out to the right
And balance with the two,
Join your hands and circle four
Then here is what you do.

The tune changed as loudly we chorused:

You sashay by, address your opposite,
Sashay back, address your own,
Then right and left the way you are-r-r-r-r-r
Right and left right back to place
And all four ladies chain.

The music shifted back to the original tune as we danced the 'ladies grand chain', and continued with the next figure:

Now everybody promenade.

And so on, all around the set, each couple visiting each of the other three couples. This was the long

way of doing the dance. But who cared? Nobody was in a hurry and we had all night before us and tomorrow too. Besides, this was a traditional dance and we wouldn't have hurried if the angel Gabriel appeared in the doorway blowing the trump of doom. All too soon it seemed, we heard the final call of the first half of Honest John:

Allemande left, and the gents grand chain,
When you're home, swing your own
And all promenade.

"Never saw it done any better," laughed Uncle Wallace. "Here's the last figure. Remember now, the 'first two' ain't the first couple; it's the head lady and the opposite gent, and the next two is the head gent and the opposite lady."

"Sure, we know that, Wallace," called Harry from the north dining room.

"P'raps you do. You didn't the other night at the town hall. Hadn't been for your partner you'd a been standing there yet."

"I was thinkin' of something else."

"Better think with yer feet instead of yer head when you're dancin'. All ready, Jim? Here we go."

"The first two give right hands around
Take your steps in time,
Left hand back the other way
And balance four in line. SWING!

The tune for this figure was the old song, "I Can't Untie the Knot," changing to "Turkey in the Straw" as we danced:

First four half promenade,
Half right and left to place,
And all promenade.

Then back to the original tune as the first gent and third lady gave 'right hands round' and 'balanced four in line'.

We protested loudly when the dance ended. Nobody left their places, but called for more. "Let's do it again," "Sure, why not?" "It's the best square dance to ever come out of Vermont."

"Do you mean it?" asked Uncle Wallace. "Want every thing from the beginnin'?"

"Yes." "You bet". "Don't want any 'f we can't have it all."

"All right then. But I want to dance it. Come on over here, Al, you ain't earned yer supper yet. Will you dance this with me, Mabel?"

"None o' yer monkey-shines on that groan-box, Al. No foolin' around."

"That's right. Play it th' way it's s'posed t' be played, NOT the way YOU think it ought t' be."

So Honest John was danced once more; all of it from beginning to end. During the pause that followed its ending, I called Uncle Wallace over and asked:

"Know anything about that dance? Where it came from, or who started it?"

"Came from up round Newbury, Vermont," he replied, "Used to be a family name of Van Orman live up there. Big family, and all good musicians. The old man put the figures together, seventy-eighty years ago. Up north, around Swiftwater, they always play it th' first dance after intermission."

- to be continued -



DANCING IN THE STREET

by HENRY BALDWIN

Gerry Stowell has been dancing in the streets for almost ten years. Tall and athletic, he is the "Squire" (president) of the Datchet Morris Dancers.

"I expect there's a bit of the showman to me," he said. "I get a real sense of achievement when we are on top of our form. You see, the Morris is meant to be performed in front of an audience. It is not a social dance."

A Morris "side" or team consists of six dancers, a musician (usually a fiddler or an accordionist) and a "Fool". The Fool's job is to mingle with the crowd and amuse them with his antics. To add to the effect he sometimes dresses up as a comical beast.

Mr. Stowell anticipated my next question. "I am

often asked why we are called Morris dancers," he said. "Although there are several theories no one knows for sure how the name arose. This is, of course, a very ancient sport. Some of the tunes can be traced to popular songs of various periods. But the origins of the dances are nearly all lost in the distant past."

The Datchet side performs mostly Cotswold Morris. Until about 100 years ago many of the Cotswold villages had their own sides each dancing its own variations of the Morris. The traditional time for this dancing was Whitsun and some teams would spend the whole of Whitsun week touring and dancing. In Anglo-Saxon times they also danced in the autumn to ensure a good harvest.

"Nowadays we dance throughout the year, indoors and out." Mr. Stowell told me.

There are handkerchief dances, handclapping dances, and stick-clapping dances. The titles are intriguing in themselves: "Jockey to the Fair," "Bonny Green Garters", "Rigs-a-Marlow", "Lads a Bunchum". In addition there are jigs for a single dancer and for a pair of dancers.

Women are not allowed to dance the Morris, nor even to supply the music. Mr. Stowell does not altogether approve of this rule. But some dancers regard the Morris as the last preserve of male emancipation.

An important feature of the Morris is the "cake" which is carried round impaled on a sword and then distributed to the audience. And, of course, the collecting box. In olden days the dancers relied on this to provide themselves with a little extra cash.

The different Morris clubs (there are 70 throughout Britain affiliated to the Morris Ring) are recognized by the designs on their jackets and the colour of their baldricks (cross-chest sashes, not to be referred to as braces).

Mr. Stowell showed me his costume of coloured

11TH

ANNUAL

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Copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges. AND old dance & festival programs Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project. ALSO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to:

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The ABE KANEGSON memorial record album is ready! This is welcome news to lovers of folk songs. "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair, The Keeper of the Eddy-stone Light, A Wanderin', Water Boy, Ha Na'ava Babanot, Roumania, Brother Can You Spare A Dime, Hi Ro Jerum, Big Rock Candy Mountain, Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho". These plus eleven more songs in a fifty-minute program are in store for you. The 12-inch LP record can be obtained for \$5, plus 20¢ mailing charge, by mail order to the Kanegson Record Fund, c/o Doris Weller, 148 E. 30th St. apt. 3F, New York, N.Y. 10016

FOLK FESTIVAL

sponsored by FOLK DANCE HOUSE

Saturday, May 22nd, 1971

St. Vartans Armenian Cathedral Auditorium

2nd Avenue between 34th and 35th Sts.

LIVE MUSIC, LIVE MUSIC....A REAL ORCHESTRA

Walter Erikkson and his folk orchestra

COME ONE - - - - - COME ALL

braid. "We had to go to Belgium for it," he said. "It's handwoven specially for us."

Mr. Stowell placed his hat on his head at a jaunty angle. "This is a recent innovation," he said. "It caused a bit of controversy in the club. But I think we're all happy about it now."

Each man has 36 bells strapped onto his breeches. "I can't tell you how many times some sarcastic onlooker has struck up with a chorus of 'Jingle Bells' as I've made my way to a club meeting," said Mr. Stowell with a smile. "But the costume is an essential part of the show."

Physical fitness is another must for Merris men. Many of the dances call for a great deal of energy.

Last summer, the Datchen men organized a "Day of the Dance". They were joined by another 40 Morris men and danced Pied Piper style through a number of villages along the Thames Valley. The day ended with an olde worlde feast in true Morris tradition.



FOLK DANCE

WALPOLE COTTAGE

(English)

Intro:



Formation: One man and two ladies, three facing three round the room.

Intro: All forward and back

- A. The two men join right hands and turn a little more than half way round to turn the opposite man's left hand partner with the left hand once around, back to each other, turn by the right hand around to turn the opposite man's right hand partner with the left hand around, then each other with the right. The two men turn their own left hand partner with the left hand, each other with the right, and own right hand partner with the left.
- B. Four ladies right hand star and back with the left. Reels of three (figure 8s) each man with his two partners starting right shoulders with right hand lady. (The right hand ladies should cast out to their right from the left hand star to start this).
- C. Lines of three go forward and back and circle six hands half around. Lines of three go forward and back and make baskets of three on the spot, finding facing new lines of three.

Repeat from the beginning including the introduction every time.

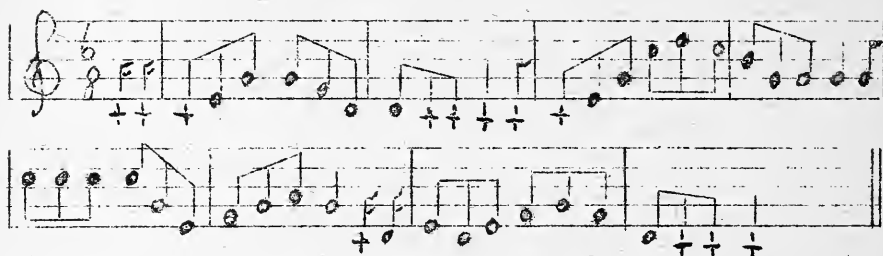
This dance was originated by P. Shuldham-Shaw. It was commissioned for the farewell party given on May 25 to Miss Grace Meikle and Miss Leonie Morris at Cecil Sharp House, London, England. The dance is dedicated to these two ladies. Walpole Cottage being the name of their house in Chipstead, Surrey.

XOXOX



FOLK SONG

RETURN FROM THE THIRTEENTH LOCK



Every night of the year about twelve of the clock,
The spirits and spooks of the dread Thirteenth Lock
Sit swinging their bodies a~this way and that,
And chanting in chorus 'Ti tooril li lay'.

Chorus: Ri tooril li looril, ri tooril li lay
Ri tooril li looril, ri tooril li lay.

Oh! What would you think sir, and what would you say,
If you met a ghost singing 'Tooril li lay?'

There once was a captain so gallant and bold,
He scorned all the warnings of young and of old,
'Do you think, you poor onshucks,' he'd scornfully say,
'That I'd fear a dead ghost, singing "Tooril li lay?"

But one night at twelve coming home from Athy,
He halted his ship when the lock he came nigh,
And he jeered at the ghosts sitting there by the say
All mournfully singing 'Ri tooril li lay'.

When he came to the harbour, his wife good and true
Says 'Jamie, my darling, O! say that it's you
And what will I get for your dinner today?'
'O! Janie,' he answered, 'Ri tooril li lay'.

Then off to the manager's office he went,
 The log of his voyage to him to present,
 The manager, nodding, says, 'Very fine day',
 'Oh! aye,' says the captain, 'Ri tooril li lay'.

The manager jumped like a man on a tack,
 And he ups and gives me poor captain the sack,
 And home to his wife went the sailor away,
 A-sighing and sobbing 'Ri tooril li lay'.

When he got to his home sure he took to his bed,
 And to questions they asked him and to all that they
 He just wagged his head in a sorrowful way said,
 And mournfully answered 'Ri tooril li lay'.

The doctor was sent for and just shook his head,
 'The divil a know what it is' he said;
 'There's no such disease in the Pharmacopay,
 That I ever heard tell on as tooril li lay'.

That evening at midnight the bold captain died,
 With his weeping wife and friends by his side,
 And the last words he said when they asked him to pray
 Were 'Tooril li looril, ri tooril li lay'.

Over the years many of those prominent in the Irish national movement have been noted ballad writers; everyone has known from childhood the songs of Davis and of Mangan. How many realize, however, that James Connolly and Terence MacSwiney also had ballads to their credit. When the name of Arthur Griffith is mentioned, one thinks at once of the founding of Sinn Fein. But he wrote ballads also, under the pen name of 'Shanagh'. His 'Return from the 13th Lock' is intended as an awful warning to us all to be properly respectful and to mind our manners as we travel through that remote section of the Grand Canal.



MIXERS

by TOM NOONAN

YAKETY AXE RCA Victor 47-8590

Start with a large circle of couples facing promenade (Ccw) direction. With a large crowd, a double circle of couples works best.

Walk, 2,3,4 and balance forward & back - 8 cts

Walk 2,3,4 and balance away, together - 8 cts

Roll away to point (4 cts)

Together to butterfly position (4 cts)

Star twirl, girls move up - 8 cts

(The last figure is the combination of Star Thru and Frontier Whirl, with the girls moving ahead to next man)

Repeat entire sequence - - -

STRUTTIN' WITH MARIA AM 8501 Tijuana Brass

Circle of couples as in YAKETY AXE

Fwd. 2-step, fwd 2-step. Men balance, girls move up
Dance this figure 4 times - this is Part A

Interlude: Walk, 2,3, lift (lift is a gentle kickstep)

Back up to reverse (turn toward partner)

Walk, 2,3, lift (Done facing rev. prom. dir.)

Back up to fwd. dir. (turn toward partner)

Then: Repeat Part A four times thru

B. Strut, 2,3,4. Slide, slide (facing partner) (4 times)

Repeat interlude.

Sequence - A. Int. A.B. Int. A.B. (Music fades.

Begin to cue near end of drum introduction.

CONTRA DANCE

THE RIVAL an original dance by
Ralph Page

Suggested music: The Rival Hornpipe



Couples 1, 4, 7 etc. active
Do NOT cross over

Couples 1 & 2 figure eight across the set
Down the outside of the set
Up the center with partner, cast off
Six hands once around
Right hand star with the couple below
Left hand star with the couple above



NEWS

The Folk Dance Center of Philadelphia announces a new series of Friday night dances conducted by Morley Leyton, well-known leader of Polish and International Folk dances. These sessions will be basically a recreational group for all levels of dancing with emphasis on style.

3rd Annual Septemberfest, Sept. 25 - Oct. 2, 1971 will be held at Kentucky Dam Village State Park, Gilbertville, Kentucky. Write Sid Jobs, Box 190, Murray, Kentucky, 42071 for further information.

The 33rd Annual National Folk Festival will be held Aug. 26-27-28-29, at Filebe Center for the Performing Arts, Vienna, Va.

Special dates: April 16-18: Convocation on Black Dance, by Jean Leon Destine & Co. Sponsored by S.U.C. at Cortland, N.Y. - May 1-2: Dance Concept by Dance Department of S.U.C. at Cortland, N.Y. Information about both events from Andor & Ann Czompo, Dance Dept. S.U.C. Cortland, N.Y. 13045.

International May Day Masquerade Ball sponsored by the Folk Dance Center, Philadelphia, Pa. May 1, 1971.

20th Annual Folk Dance Festival at the YWCA, 175 Clinton Ave. N. Rochester, N.Y. April 3, 1971.

The Annual Scottish Country Dance Weekend at Pinewoods will be held July 23-24-25, 1971.

The Annual English Country Dance Weekend at Pinewoods will be held July 16-17-18, 1971.

For information about folk dance events around Boston, send \$1.00 to Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave., Lexington, Mass. 02178, for his monthly newsletter.

April 29, 1971, at 3 Joy St. Boston, Mass., is the date and place for the Country Dance Society, Boston Centre "Callers' Roundup", 8 to 11 p.m. A White Elephant Sale during the evening to benefit their treasury. Bring articles in before the dance.

Early last September, the National Headquarters of the Country Dance and Song Society, located in New York City, were broken into. Office Duplicating equipment, a tape recorder, a movie projector, and also Phil Merrills accordion were stolen. These items cannot be replaced unless a substantial amount of money is raised. If you would like to help, send contributions to the Country Dance Society, Boston Center, 3 Joy St., Boston, Mass. 02108, where they will be collected and then forwarded to National Headquarters.

Announcing the 27th Annual New England Folk Festival, May 14 & 15, at King Phillip Regional High School, Wrentham, Mass. Workshop for members, Sunday, May 16th. Ted Sannella & Dave Henry, leaders.

One of the most readable town histories is SLIPTOWN, a history of Sharon, N.H. Very well written and you will enjoy reading it, whether or not you were ever in the town. \$12.50 from the author, H. Thorn King, Hancock, N.H. 03449. If you like New England folklore you will not want to miss it.

New England style square & contra dancing may be found at the Henniker, N.H. H.S. Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. these following nights: March 20; April 17 and June 12. Contact Mrs. Barbara French, P.O. Box 325, Henniker, N.H. for further information.

Tom Sargent leads the Choir of the Calvary Methodist Church, with members of the Arlington Philharmonic in a concert of Lenten and Easter Music, March 28, 1971, 300 Mass., Ave., Arlington, Mass.

The Buffalo Gap Folk Dance Camp will be held this year

on Memorial Day weekend, May 29-30-31, 1971, with Marty Koenig, Glenn Bannerman and Ethel Raim as staff. Further information by writing to Mel Diamond, 2413 East Gate Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20906.

Dates for the Annual New Hampshire Folk Dance Weekend are May 7-8-9, 1971, at The Inn at East Hill Farm, Troy N.H. Staff includes: Conny Taylor, Mary Ann Herman, Germain & Louise Hebert & Ralph Page. Write, Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431 for information.

Spring Weekend at Camp Onanda, Lake Canandaigua, N.Y. sponsored by the International Folk Dancers of Rochester, N.Y. will be held June 18-20. More information by writing Paul Valentine, 44 Oliver St. Rochester, N.Y.

The Folk Dance Leadership Council of Chicago presents a Workshop of Polish Dances with Jan Sejda, leader, Saturday, April 3, 1971. Sikora Hall, 4758 S. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill. To register, Write: Miss Patricia Dixon, 2951 S. Martin Luther King Drive, apt. 1817, Chicago, Ill. 60616.

Old Time Dancing may be enjoyed at the Bainbridge, O. Community Church, 17751 Chillicothe Rd., on the following dates: April 3 & 17; May 1, 15 & 29; June 12 & 26. Excellent live music by the Orketts orchestra. Sponsored by the "Young Oldster Group". Donation \$1.50.

The Tenth Annual Madelynne Greene's Folk Lore Camp will be held at Mendocino, Calif. June 18 - 27. Detailed brochure from S. Stewart Smith, 2317 - 15th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

The 12th Annual New England Square Dance Convention will be held this year April 23 and 24, in Springfield, Mass. More information from the convention committee, P.O. Box 1809, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RALPH PAGE BOOK OF CONTRAS

Reviewed by TED SANNELLA



Callers, musicians, and contra lovers - here's the book you've been waiting for! Twenty-two contra dances and forty-four toe-tapping tunes are included in this unique and extremely useable collection. This 24-page paper-back (7" x 9 3/4") was prepared and published in England by the English Folk Dance and Song Society and most of the dances included were taught by Ralph Page during his tour of Great Britain in 1966. Eleven of the dances are described under the heading of TRADITIONAL and eleven are listed as CONTEMPORARY. Following each dance is a note depicting its author (if known) or the source from which it first came to Ralph's attention.

The selection of dances represents a fine cross-section of the material which Ralph has been using at his Camps and Workshops through the years - many of which were first introduced or "revived" by him. Whether you like your contras simple, complex or whatever - you'll find a lot to your liking between these covers.

Warning! Remember that, even though written by Ralph Page, this book is published in England. Therefore, unless you are familiar with the English dance terminology, you'd best read the rest of this paragraph. (This translation is offered as a public service, so that Ralph won't get too many phone calls in the middle of the morning!). Reference to "improper" and "proper" has no bearing on the moral attributes of the dancers, but merely indicates that the active couples have crossed over in the former instance, but not in the latter. (i.e. when all the gents are in one line, the set is "proper"). No mention is made of the words "active" or

"inactive". Instead, in all the directions the command is directed to the "first" couples who dance with the "second" couples in the duple-minor dances and with the "second" and "third" couples in the triple-minor dances. (This numbering system has merit worth considering for future use since it removes the stigma associated with the inactive dancers). In one dance, the word "hey" is used to refer to a "figure eight" movement. Also it goes without saying that "advance and retire" just means "go forward and back."

In recent years, all of these contras have appeared in print - either in Dance Camp Syllabi, Workshop Notes, past issues of Northern Junket, or other dance periodicals. While searching out these earlier notations (most of them by Ralph Page) it soon became apparent that some minor changes have been made in several of the dances published in the current collection. It is assumed that these variations reflect Ralph's current thinking, and it is significant that, except for one instance, the changes are found among those dances in the Contemporary category. This only serves to fortify the position of those who point out that Modern Traditional square dancing is not stagnant, but is changing with the times. The scholars can hunt up the original sources - everyone else can enjoy the dances as Ralph now calls them.

Since a book review should include specifics, it can be pointed out the original MALDEN REEL began with "do-si-do below" followed by a "balance and swing the same". Here, Ralph has omitted the former and allowed for a longer swing. (It also makes the figures come out with the music!). Also, in ASHUELOT HORNPIPE, one of his originals, Ralph has changed from "left hand star below, then right hand star above" to "all advance and retire. First and second couples right hand star." The beginning of THE NOVA SCOTIAN is not as originated, nor is the ending of THE TOURIST. Mention should be made that ELEGANCE AND SIMPLICITY can also be done as a "triple proper" ending with a "right and left" or as a

"duple minor" as well as the "triple improper" form described as ending with a "ladies chain".

Two probably printer's errors are evident. The last line in DUD'S REEL reads as follows: "Circle four hands once around and back with opposite couple". Every reference to this dance gives that call as: "Circle four with the opposite couple, the other way back with a left hand star." Also the dance listed as THE NEEDHAM REEL should have been entitled THE NEEDHAM SPECIAL. An error of omission could cause confusion (and embarrassment) to a caller attempting THE WITCHE'S BREW. Some mention should have been made of the fact that halfway through the dance the top couple must cross and become active - this continues with a new top couple crossing over after each half (this is the only dance of its kind - a double progression triple-minor!).

Regarding the music. You'll never find a better collection of tunes suitable for contras (as well as squares). Ralph has reached into his music bag and picked out 44 gems, including 20 of his originals. Many of them have never before been published anywhere and quite a few of them are destined to become standards in every good fiddler's repertoire. Irish, Scottish, English, French-Canadian - the influence of these musical cultures is keenly felt in these melodies.

The format of the book is such that the dances are described on the left hand page and two or three suggested tunes for each dance is notated on the right hand page opposite. Therefore, you have both dance and music at a glance. Furthermore, the book will lie flat on a music stand and the notes are easily read. As an added bonus (for the rhythm section), Ralph has included all of the chord changes.

To sum up - THE RALPH PAGE BOOK OF CONTRAS is highly recommended and merits inclusion in the library of everyone interested in the subject matter (as well as others who should be interested). This is an outstand-

ing book and is worth at least three times the price - \$1.50 postpaid from the author.

P.S. None of the above has been suggested, requested, or edited by the publisher of Northern Junket. The review was submitted on condition that it be printed exactly as written. Ralph was prepared to accept a kick in the pants if necessary!

THE BALLAD OF TOM DOOLEY, by John Foster West. Moore Publishing Co. Durham, N.C. 1970. 212 pp. Illustrated. Music notations. \$6.95.

Every folk singer knows and has sung the ballad "Tom Dooley". We'll wager that not one in a hundred know that the song is based on a murder in North Carolina in 1866.

The author has done an enormous amount of research over the years and the resulting book reads like a detective story. Once started, I found it difficult to lay the book down until reaching the final page. There are a great many surprises in store for the reader who blindly accepted the folk versions of the tragedy. Making use of newspaper accounts of the day, court record and accounts of the tale from old-timers who knew about it or whose parents had known of it, Mr. West builds an enthralling tale of crime and punishment.

It should be required reading for every folk singer and would-be researcher. Highly recommended.

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The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society, Boston Branch hold their "HIGHLAND BALL" Saturday, May 1, 1971, in the Dorothy Quincy Suite, John Hancock Hall, 180 Berkeley St. Boston, Mass. Music by Angus McKinnon and the Scots Canadiens.

xxx

ITS FUN

TO HUNT



The following items are from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a weekly newspaper published in Keene, N.H. for some eighty years during the 1800s and 1900s until 1912. We find these old-time dance items of interest.

1/20 83 City News:- Fifteen couples of young people attended their ninth annual sleigh ride Wednesday. The drive was to the Winchester House, Winchester, where a splendid supper was served by the jolly, fat, landlord, G.E. Richards, after which dancing was in order. Last winter a larger party drove to the Forest House, Marlow where "Colonel" Petts ministered to their wants. Then, the costumes worn and sleighs brought out were of pre-historic style, but on Wednesday none but "store clothes and double teams" were allowed.

1/27/83 City News:- A sleigh ride party of young people numbering fifteen couples went to Fitzwilliam Tuesday afternoon. J.D. Dunbar's mammoth sleigh carried twelve couples and the others went by single teams. A pleasant ride, turkey supper and dance at the Cheshire hotel were included in the programme.

Bellows Falls:- The third of a series of assemblies was held at St. Agnes hall, Wednesday evening, and was a very pleasant gathering, a large number being present, among whom was Bishop Bissell of Burlington, of this diocese.

2/3/83 City News:- A party of some twenty couples from

Keene attended a sleigh ride last week Friday evening to the hotel in Surry, where they enjoyed a social dance from nine till three o'clock, to the music of Britton's band. A bountiful supper was served by Landlord Hill, and everything passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned.

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2/3/83 Hinsdale:- On Friday evening of this week there will be a local variety entertainment at the town hall, conducted by our own amateur dramatic performers..There are to be five hours of dancing after the entertainment. Prices moderate and a good time guaranteed.

Alstead:- As previously announced, the ladies of the Universalist society held their annual levee and dance, last week Wednesday evening.....Shortly before ten o'clock the hall was made ready for dancing, and soon many were keeping time to the excellent music discoursed by Maynard & Wheeler's orchestra. The ladies, finding they were provided with a surplus of food, decided upon a second entertainment the Friday evening following, when some forty tickets were sold for dancing. The net proceeds of both entertainments amounted to \$103.00.

Gilsum:- The course of assemblies at Shaffner's, conducted by Prof. Ball, of Winchester, is receiving a fair patronage by the young folks.

Richmond:- W.W. Ball's dancing class will close at Jerry Alden's hall, Tuesday evening next, with a combination ball. All are invited.

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2/10/83 City News:- Keene Quadrille band played at Marlboro, February 2, for the largest party there this season, evidently giving perfect satisfaction, as they are engaged to play there again the 22d. They will also play for a grand ball, to be given by the High School Cadets at Cheshire hall, next Wednesday evening, and for the Odd Fellows Assembly the 28th.

Rindge:- Captain H.B. Wheeler entertained in a very satisfactory manner a fine company of people, some thirty couples, from Ashburnham, Mass., on Thursday, the 1st instant. The turkey supper, with many an et cetera, and the excellent style in which it was served were highly appreciated. The party arrived at about four o'clock, and was composed of both married and unmarried folks. Mr. J.C. Stone and wife, who keep the Ashburnham Hotel, leading the way. The time was spent in a social and lively manner by music, promenading, and dancing all having their share. Some went home in the early evening while others didn't "go home till morning."

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2/17/83 Marlboro:- It is a mistake, as reported in the Republican last week, that the Keene Quadrille band played at Marlboro, February 2, for the largest party of the season.... A Washington costume party and masquerade ball will be held in the town hall, Thursday evening, February 22, under the auspices of the Ladies Circle, connected with the Universalist society. Characteristic recitations and songs will be introduced and the entertainment conclude with dancing from nine till one. Music, Keene Quadrille Band, 5 pieces. Admittance to hall 15 cents; tickets for dancing, 50 cents. All are cordially invited to attend and participate. It is expected that Washington will be present with his "little hatchet" and some of his "pie."

Marlow:- The ladies connected with the First Universalist society will hold their annual levee at Murray hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 22. There will be a drama, supper, and dancing; music by Richardson's orchestra, five pieces, Geo. S. Long, prompter. A good time is expected and all are invited.

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2/24/83 City Notices:- The sixth and last of the Odd Fellows' assemblies will be given at Cheshire hall next Wednesday evening. Music by the Second Regiment Band or orchestra. These assemblies have proved very popular and

the last of the series will doubtless be well attended.

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3/3/83 City News:- Keene Quadrille band will play for the fancy dress dance, at the skating rink, next Tuesday evening; at Woodstock, Vt. seven men, for a grand ball, March 9, and at Cheshire hall the 14th and 26th.

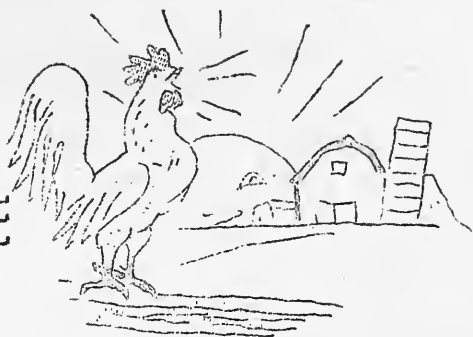
Gilsum:- The annual oyster supper of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, came off Tuesday evening the 20th at the town hall. As no interesting exercises were appointed to occupy the spare moments, it seemed we were to have a Quaker meeting, but immediately after the oyster shells were cracked and the contents disposed of, the young folks cleared the way and began a march, when music was furnished, and concluded with an old fashioned country dance. There were enough present for a good time, and we think all enjoyed themselves. The supper was all that could be wished and netted a fair income. Although the tables were not crowded as at the entertainment when we had an old style singing and boiled victuals last year.

Swansey Center:- On the afternoon and evening of the 22d, there was a large gathering at the town hall, of people of all ages, from bald headed infants to bald headed old men, not less than three hundred in all. Music was furnished by Slate's orchestra, of Winchester, and supper was at the Central House, C.L. Whitney, proprietor.

Fitzwilliam:- There is only one more dance in the school course, that being town meeting night, which will be an all night affair, with a supper at Wilkins' A good time and a good supper may be expected.

3/17/83 Rindge:- There was quite a successful cotillion party at Captain H.B. Wheeler's Friday night, the 9th, also quite a large surprise party the same evening at A.A. Bradford's at West Rindge.

PAINLESS FOLKLORE



One of the widespread superstitions that have come down through the ages is - to secure good fortune, carry a penny or any coin that was minted in the year of your birth.

It was always believed in the old days that "there are seven stars in the heavens that are always in one spot, and they will disappear just before a war starts."

If the first caller at your home on New Year's Day is a man, you'll have good luck for a year.

Moles on the wrist show that the person is industrious and ingenious. A mole or birthmark on the chin or ear is a sign of riches; on the throat it is a sign of good luck in all things.

Among the most superstitious people, nine is considered the luckiest of all numbers.

A dress put on backwards should not be changed until you make a wish.

If you receive a letter in heavy handwriting, it means that somebody loves you.

If a mouse shows up in your dream, someone will shortly be trying to borrow money from you.

If you see a spider on your dress, you may expect a new

It was believed that a half-potato, soaked in a pint of gasoline for a month would make a fine healing liniment.

Black isn't the universal color of mourning. In China it's white; Burma, yellow; Turkey, violet, and in the South Sea Islands, a combination of white and black stripes.

Offbeat cures for hiccoughs: stand on your head; eat plum preserves; or eat a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

He's so narrow minded he can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once.

She's busy as a frog in a butter churn.

Save your breath to cool your porridge.

He stands out like a blackberry in a pan of milk.

She's as dainty as a cow with snowshoes on.

As independent as a hog on ice with its tail froze in.

So crooked they had to use a corkscrew to bury him.

So homely she'd scare the hoss and chase the driver.

An old maid don't know nuthin' but what she imagines.

Might as well be hanged for an old sheep as for a lamb.

Suppers kill more than the greatest doctors can cure.

The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty.

Better be ready and not go then go and not be ready.

It's a good thing for a liar to have a good memory.

A slip of the tongue, no fault of the mind.

Hain't scarcely nuthin' in the world as powerful as perversity if ye knows how to harness it.

UNLIKELY HAPPENINGS

Lending an ear, being on the horns of a dilemma, strutting your stuff, letting your hair down and coughing up the money.

Unraveling your mind, getting something out of your hair, salving your conscience and being true blue.

IRISH TOASTS

Here's health to Ireland and all its counties, and may everybody else be dead before the Irish!

Here's health from wall to wall (of the house), and if there's anybody in the corner, let him speak!

May you have the health of the salmon, a strong heart and a wet mouth!

Health and long life to you
Land without rent to you
A child every year to you
And may you die in Ireland.

IRISH COFFEE

Cream - rish as an Irish brogue

Sugar - sweet as the tongue of a rogue

Whiskey - smooth as the wit of the land

Coffee - strong as a friendly hand

THE ORIGINAL SHANNON RECIPE

Heat a stemmed whiskey goblet

Pour in one jigger of Irish whiskey, the only whiskey with the smooth taste and full body needed.

Add three cubes of sugar

Fill goblet with coffee, strong and black as Cromwell's heart, to within one inch of the brim.

Stir to dissolve sugar.

Top off to brim with whipped cream slightly aerated, so that cream cloats on top.

N.B. Do not stir after adding cream, as the true flavor is obtained by drinking the hot coffee and Irish whiskey through the cream. SLAINTE!

Old Irish Saying - - ni h-aitheantas go h-aontigheas -
you don't know a man till you've lived with him.



ODDS AND ENDS

How long has it been since you heard anyone refer to acid indigestion as 'dyspepsis!' and the flu or virus as 'la Grippe'?

Remember when the favored hiding place for money was the cookie jar? In these days of dieting, housewives are hiding the cookie jar!

You're an old radio buff if you recall singer Art Jarryett, announcer Harold Clancy, orchestra leader Freddie Rich and the piano team of Fray and Braggiotti.

How quickly we've gone from barbershop quartets to quartets that wouldn't think of going near a barbershop!

No letter in the alphabet has been as useful as little old "x". It marks the spot, signifies a kiss, registers a vote, gets split billing in tick-tack-toe and sometimes substitutes for a signature!

It's bad luck to hold lottery tickets with consecutive-running numbers, and odd numbers are believed more likely to prove winners than even numbers.

Did you know that a juvenile publication, a weekly named 'Youth's Companion', once had the largest circulation of any magazine published in the United States?

MORE UNLIKELY HAPPENINGS

Standing on ceremony, raising the roof, sitting in the lap of luxury, and eating your cake and having it too.

Looking daggers at someone, being frozen with fear and walking on eggshells.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Sheridan Shott and Noah Nott shot it out. Nott was shot and Shott was not. So surely it was better to be Shott than Nott.

Men munch much mush; women munch much mush. Many men and women must munch mush.

YOU'RE AN OLD-TIMER IF - -

You're an old-timer if you can remember Welcome Lewis, the famed Lullaby Lady of Radioland; Norman Brokenshire who greeted his listeners with, "How DO you do, everybody, how DO you do!"; and when Ralph Kelland played the hero in most of Pearl White's cliff-hangers. If the last time you saw "Boys In the Band", they had a leading lady - Ina Ray Hutton; or when dancing was done with the feet.

You're an old band-buff if you can remember the theme songs of Isham Jones, Leo Reisman, Jan Garber and Charley Barnet. ("You're Just A Dream Come True", "What Is This Thing Called Love", "My Dear" and "Cherokee").

You've been around a long time if you can remember when you could buy sweet rolls (Danish pastries) and doughnuts at most bakeries for 12 cents a dozen, and a loaf of bread for a dime. If you remember when the word "polluted" meant drunk! If you can remember when college students - especially co-eds - looked forward to buying a smart and fashionable wardrobe. If you remember turning the ice card in the front window to the amount you wanted the ice man to leave.

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that the first evening of "round dancing" or waltzing, to take place in this country was in the Michie Tavern, Charlottesville, Va. It is recorded as having shocked the guests in the ballroom of "Mr. Michie's Tavern. A guest log gives an account of a member of Thomas Jefferson's own family entertaining in this ballroom."

Ripley's "Believe It or Not," 12/27/70 says: "Merchants entering the city of Istanbul, Turkey, for centuries believed they would prosper only if they danced in a circle outside the Gate of Felicity, and then passed through it in two columns."

KITCHEN

CORNER



When melting butter, add just a little water to the pan. The water will evaporate as the butter melts and it will not turn brown.

Soak thin-sliced steak in wine overnight, then broil as usual for a new taste.

In making sauerbraten, add a can of beer to the vinegar in the recipe for an added flavor.

When preparing Weiner Schnitzel, the buttered pan should be sprinkled with paprika, before the cutlet is dropped in.

Shape small meatballs around pieces of blue cheese, pan fry, skewer with toothpicks, and serve hot as canapes.

To avoid the unpleasant odor of cooking cabbage, soak the cabbage in cold salted water for 20 minutes before boiling.

Add cinnamon to orange juice, then dip slices of pork into it before frying, for exotic flavor.

To give your potato salad a little zest, mix in a few drops of steak sauce. Gives it a delightfully different taste.

Add one or two drops of claret wine into the water where rice is cooking will give it a real different taste.

Next time you make a cheese sandwich, butter it with applesauce. Good!!

Try adding an ounce of your favorite meat sauce to hamburger mixture before broiling.

Confectioner's sugar, instead of granulated, will make whipped cream fluffier and it will hold up longer.



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BORN: March 1, 1971, to Mr. & Mrs. Tom Sargent, a son,
Thomas Clough Sargent, Jr.

MARRIED: Feb. 12, 1971, Denise Gill & Bruce Mitchell.

